

# THE LIBRARY ASSISTANT

*The Official Journal of the Association of Assistant Librarians*

(Section of the Library Association)

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Edited by T. E. CALLANDER, Wood Green Public Library, N.22.

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No. 379.

DECEMBER, 1930.

*Published Monthly.*

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## EDITORIALS AND ANNOUNCEMENTS

**The Next Meeting of the Association** will be held at East Ham Public Library on Wednesday, 10th December.

A Debate on "Specialisation" will be opened by Messrs. W. J. Bishop (*pro*) and F. Seymour Smith (*con*). The chair will be taken by Mr. Gurner P. Jones. Refreshments will be provided by the Librarian and staff of the East Ham Library at 6.30 p.m., and the meeting will commence at 7.30 p.m.

**The Council** will meet on Wednesday, 17th December, at 6.30 p.m. at the National Library for the Blind.

**Important Notice.**—The Inaugural Meeting of the South Wales and Monmouthshire Division of the Association will be held at the Cardiff Central Library on January 21st, when the business will include the election of officers and committee and the formulation of the necessary rules. The President and Hon. Secretary of the Association will attend. Full details will be announced in the January number, but meanwhile will all in the area book this date carefully and determine to make this meeting a striking send-off for the new division.

**"Sequels."**—At the last meeting of the Council, the Hon. Treasurer presented the balance sheet of the last edition of

"Sequel Stories." This revealed that a net profit of £139 15s. had been handed over to the Benevolent Fund of the Association as a result of this venture. It also showed that the total administration costs incurred in connection with the edition amounted to less than £15. This extraordinarily low figure, it was explained, was due entirely to the energy and acumen of Mr. Geo. F. Vale, of the Bethnal Green Public Library, who has worked untiringly as "Sequels Administrator." The thanks and congratulations of the Council were tendered to Mr. Vale for his magnificent work in connection with this enterprise.

**Libraries and Unemployment.**—It is a matter for great regret that the Unemployment Grants Committee will not recognise the erection or extension of a public library as an undertaking deserving of aid. The refusal of this body to assist local authorities in library schemes is apparently based on the obsolete idea that municipal libraries are luxuries which are not to be encouraged when times are bad. If a library is looked upon merely as a means of raising the national standard of culture, this view is understandable, but when it is realised that the library system of this country plays an important and tangible part in the economic welfare of the nation, it is plain that the claims of libraries upon the Committee are well founded. Perhaps, with our everlasting prate about raising the standard of reading we have only ourselves to thank for the lack of sympathy shown by a body whose aim is to raise the standard of living.

**"Books to Read."**—We are informed that the Carnegie Trustees cannot see their way to allowing the Association to purchase fifty copies of "Books to Read" to resell to members at the reduced rate of 5s. per copy. Will those readers who have written intimating that they wished to participate in this venture please accept this intimation of our great regret that we shall not be able to supply them with copies.

**Attention** is drawn to the permanent exhibition collection of books which has been arranged in connection with "Books to Read." This is housed at the offices of the Library Association, 26-7, Bedford Square, W.C.1. It comprises nearly every book included in "Books to Read," and is available for inspection by any accredited person. Every effort will be made to keep the collection up-to-date, both by the addition of books noted in the projected supplements to "Books to Read," and by the marking of volumes as they fall out of print. This is the first demonstration collection that has been

formed in England, and all assistants should avail themselves of the opportunity to inspect it.

**We stand corrected**, albeit very courteously, by Mr. A. Cecil Piper, Librarian of Richmond, Surrey. He informs us that the West London co-operative scheme mentioned last month as about to mature has flourished for twelve months. We apologise for this unintentional error and plead that, owing perhaps to the superlative modesty of the librarians concerned, the news has only recently reached the press and came to us with the inevitable unreliability which seems to stamp modern journalism.

**Our Appeal** for contributions has been well answered. We have now sufficient articles to relieve us for some time of the nightmare prospect of having to write the whole of the journal ourselves. We hope, however, that readers will continue the bombardment.

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### FALSE VALUES

By W. C. PUGSLEY

(Dagenham Public Libraries).

When I received the invitation to read a paper this afternoon, I was engaged on the compilation of an article over which I may be said to have "a bee in my bonnet." It occurred to me that I might keep this "bee," which, if a drone, may be killed to-day, but if a worker in the hive, may be allowed to "sip each flower" in the library garden.

Recently, I received a prospectus from His Majesty's Stationery Office entitled "Finding facts by figures." This re-kindled in my mind a train of thought that I shall attempt to place before you. If you should find me intolerable, then you can blame (as usual) His Majesty's Stationery Office. You know the proverb—"figures may be made to prove anything"—and let me remind you of what Carlyle says, "A judicious man looks at statistics, not to get knowledge, but to save himself from having ignorance foisted on him." How do we librarians look at statistics? We study them, compare and contrast them, and weigh up the values of various libraries by them. From the day one embarks on the library profession, figures are used as the stimulus. The young assistant is literally "brought up" on statistics, percentages and tabulations. Day by day, issues, readers, and attendances in various departments are totalled, and as the month, quarter, and year

pass by, these are consolidated, percentages ascertained, analysed, and compared with previous results and those of other systems. Not only this, but figures and percentages of stock are similarly treated, and finally we have those remarkable graphs in the annual report.

Both librarian and assistant are thus made to think of their work largely in terms of figures. We visit another library, and what are the first questions asked? They are "What are your issues?" "How many books have you in stock?" or "What is your fiction percentage?" Rather ought we to look around to see what we may learn from the aids calculated to assist readers, the various displays, and methods adopted to ensure that every reader obtains his or her requirements, and that the right book is placed in the right hands. Instead we assume from such data as the yearly issues, daily average, stock of books, and number of readers, that we know all worth knowing about the library. Following this to a logical conclusion, it is our duty to see that our figures do not betray us; that this year's returns exceed those of last; and that *our* fiction percentage does not exceed 60. What nonsense! There is a great danger looming over our profession. Yes, it appears that in too many cases, statistics are the fetishes, and service comes next to this wretched "curse."

Statistics are used to serve three purposes.

1. As a guide to librarians in policy and book selection.
2. To show Library Committees and authorities that a system is fulfilling its purpose.
3. As a form of publicity both to the residents of the district and to the Library profession.

The first function is all important. A librarian must be guided in his work. He must select what books are needed, strengthen weaknesses, and secure the right books in all cases. He must also know how his libraries are being used, and must ascertain if he is pursuing the best policy. He must base his future doings on his experience of the past. It remains to be seen whether statistics are the best means to this end. But figures do not in any way assist in the selection of books, beyond an indication of the *number* of books in certain classes. Books in bulk are no more than an oppression to the spirit, rather should we learn what number of books are first class and build on that.

Let us consider the stock of the library. Does it really matter a great deal whether there are forty or sixty thousand

volumes in a library? Is it not really the actual books in those totals and their worth that matters? A good collection of 20,000 volumes is of far greater value than one of 50,000 volumes, the greater part of which can consist of badly chosen books that are no longer of value to the subject, or definitely worthless. Whilst on my holidays I visited a well-known library, and was amazed to find only a small portion consisting of the newer books and fiction arranged on the open-access plan. Behind a gaunt and terrible barricade were stacks and stacks of old works, in bad condition, which knew not the sun nor the stars or even caught the attention of some wanderer in search of the curious. I was informed by the librarian that the trustees refuse to discard any book, and during his twenty years' service he remembered but one memorable occasion when authority "let go the painter," and in a reckless mood damned half a hundred volumes! The total stock of this library must be enormous, but the human readable portion is very small. No, it is quality, not quantity that counts, and that we must increase, and sweet reason must play its part here, for each volume fulfils a function that, with its brothers must form a unity—a regulated and designed corpus. The numbers or percentages of stock in each main class are of no use unless the library is known like the face of a friend—intimately with its strength and weaknesses. To the librarian who knows his library, stock analysis can be of secondary consideration, but to onlookers it is useless. To keep within certain so-called factors in this respect is rubbish and nonsense. Other factors must be considered in estimating the value of a collection of books. There is the building. The huge unwieldy reference department with cases from floor to ceiling, with "caverns measureless to man" in odd parts of the building, cannot be of such value compared with one smaller room with a select representation of good and standard books, and a well-designed stack room adjoining. Again, unless the collection is adequately catalogued, simply arranged and displayed to the fullest advantage, it cannot show its greatest value. It is a room without windows. Here figures do not avail! Are we not apt to place a value or opinion on figures without thinking whether they tell everything?

Reading may be roughly divided into two classes, namely, informative and creative. The first class includes all books read with a purpose, that of obtaining knowledge or information; the second, all which serve as food for thought and as an outlet for the imagination. It has been said that the latter provides a way of escape from life's realities, and it includes that

type of reading which "passes the time" for the weaker brethren. In all classes there are good and bad books and between these two an infinite degree of varying grades. Present methods of recording issues divide reading into "fiction" and "non-fiction" (horrible terms), and it is inferred that all "non-fiction books" mean studious or serious reading whereas fiction reading is merely a frivolous "passing-the-time" habit. There is little wonder that critics of the library movement invariably base their attack on the so-called "fiction percentage." This is nothing but a fallacy, and as long as we continue to show returns in such a manner, we must expect to deceive ourselves and to attract criticism. Examine the non-fiction shelves of any library and see what absolutely worthless books on travel; what sentimental, sensational and scandalous biographies; what thrilling volumes on crimes; what commercial pot-pourris on art; yes, and even in our poetry and drama sections, the "foul fens" of the Ella Wheeler Wilcoxes, have all managed to escape the librarian in his book selection, and stand exalted on our shelves with their betters like rotters in a society of decent men. The case of fiction, forming, as it does, the large proportion of modern publications, is, of course, more marked. No reason should cause us to regard the fiction reader as one among the lesser breeds. It may be said that far less harm is done by reading a bad novel—that is literally and psychologically—than an inaccurate so-called studious book. It is not enough to say that the fiction percentage is 60 or 70. We must analyse the number, as indeed we should in all cases, to ascertain the representation of Fielding, Richardson, Dickens, Galsworthy, Wells, Bennett, of Flaubert and Proust, of Tolstoy and Tchekov, and those others who sit in a place on Helicon. How do Mrs. Henry Wood, Edgar Wallace, Ethel M. Dell, and similar idols fare? If the selection of novels and of general literature is catholic and worthy of the librarian, and still more, if the collection is used to the utmost, both librarians and borrowers will have cause to congratulate themselves. Comparisons are odious—may I draw one? Which reader benefits most, the one who reads Priestley's "Good Companions" or the one who reads Margot Asquith's "Autobiography"? The former is fiction, the latter is "serious" reading. I venture to suggest that the true spirit of Exmoor is shown in "Lorna Doone," a novel, far more than in "Exmoor Memories" by A. G. Bradley, who is nevertheless a fine writer. The librarian must seek to encourage taste, not attempt to juggle with figures in an effort to show that it is there. Reading is to the imagination what

food is to the body. Each book has totally different effects on different readers. The actual worth of the book to each individual reader *cannot* be reduced to figures. Figures may show the number of books issued, but issued does not mean read, and far less does it show benefit derived. Thus it is that we must not regard statistics as the end but only the means to that end, and a very poor means at that. Unhappily, poor wretched creatures that we are, we cannot yet rise above figures or rather numerical values. There is an attempt in scholastic matters to mark papers in terms of A, B and C, but virtually these are numerical values, aided by plus and minus signs. Accepting figures, if we must show returns, let us see their comparative value. Divergencies in classification alone shatter all hopes of consistency. For example one librarian places Westermarck's "History of Marriage" in Dewey's class for "Customs" at 392.5, whereas another, wishing to keep all marriage books together, finds the ethics number 173.1 a more useful place, whilst a third finds a place for marriage customs in Timbuctoo in the ethnology class. Translations of foreign novels are placed with the originals in the literary form divisions in one system, whereas in another they are termed fiction, and in yet another both originals and translations are in this "frivolous" class. Why should the home product be considered so, if the foreign article is not? The effort to keep fiction issues down in comparison with other issues, has led to two and three volume works being counted as one. An excellent hiding place for fiction can be found in Dewey's "Satire and Humour" divisions, 817, 827, etc. I have known librarians who have balanced all junior issues against fiction in finding the fiction percentage. This, no doubt, solves the difficulty which has been puzzling many of you, namely, how it is possible to obtain a 50 per cent. fiction figure! Some librarians count all the half days in a month as one day, others as half days each, and the more religious ones as whole days each, in obtaining a daily average.

Certain rules and regulations account for other divergencies. The time allowed for reading, the facilities for renewal, and the amount charged for overdue retention of books, if any, all affect issues. The charge or fine is regarded as penance money, after the paying of which one is freed from blame. If no fines were charged, readers would feel they were indebted to the librarian and his staff for causing trouble and would endeavour to keep out of the "black" books in future. The revenue obtained from such fines is, however, "most profitable" to many librarians, whose funds are quite inadequate.

The unobliging refusal to change books on the day of issue, to renew fiction or books of less than six months' "life," all have effect on figures. If a person takes a book and finds he or she has read it before, should that be counted as an issue? Again, if a person takes a book out in the morning and reads it during the day, should that reader be penalised for such energy? If it so important that no issue should be missed let us keep pads on the counter to mark them down. We may then occasionally slip in odd numbers to increase our issues! Renewals and holiday issues are counted on issue, and again at the date of extending the issue. Why should this be? A renewed book is not read twice. The only difference is that the borrower takes longer to read it. With holiday issues, a reader takes two books for a month, shall we say, only two books are read but in all four are counted. Take another aspect (and not an infrequent occurrence), a family of four have eight tickets. They allow one member to choose the books, and eight issues are counted. Each member of the family reads on an average six out of the eight books, making the real total of issues twenty-four. The issues are sixteen on the wrong side, but no assistant can possibly find out such happenings and adjust the figures. These are a few of the inconsistencies. You all could no doubt add to these. I suggest that on no account can one say that his statistics are reliable as accurate records, or for purposes of comparison. They are obviously only a compromise as no set of figures can show the use or value of a library system. Why then do we think so much of them? We must seek some alternative methods now.

The librarian selects his books, or in some cases supervises the selection, while his Committee sanctions their purchase. He should be constantly referring to his catalogue. If he uses discretion backed with experience when reading reviews and considering suggestions, he should have but small need for a stock analysis by mere figures. The assistants in charge of the departments should, in their own particular sphere, see that the chief is acquainted with any discrepancies and weaknesses in stock. Surely it is common sense that if a new book on any subject is reported and should be in the library, it *must* be obtained irrespective of percentages. Publishers cannot restrict the output of books to conform with certain figures or percentages in classes. Why then should the librarian refuse to purchase a valuable book on the sole grounds that he has enough on the topic in question? To be acquainted with the demands, needs, and weaknesses of the



stock, the librarian should occasionally analyse the issue trays for any day chosen at random and mentally weigh up the reading in each branch or department. This procedure should take place more frequently under the supervision of the assistant in charge, who should summarise the reading of his particular public and report on this. By personal contact these lieutenants should keep the Chief Librarian posted with the mentality and requirements of all departments and branches. Such "first-hand" knowledge will show much more adequately and truthfully what cold, dull, hard figures can never tell with reliability.

The Library Committee may be a friend and sometimes is, but too often it is the common enemy. The slothful and generally speaking, unread, and still more, uninterested guardians of the public purse must have some evidence that their money is spent in a useful purpose. The plain fact is that they rarely see the library under their control, and the librarian must carry them through council by his report. If he wishes any improvements to be carried out, he must prove on paper that it is necessary, and nothing will count so much with committees as figures showing an ever-increasing issue, and percentages always better this year than last! What if librarians refused to submit figures? What if they said to their committees, "Your library is there fulfilling its great work under adverse circumstances. It is your duty to see for yourselves what my staff and I are doing. If you really care about public service you will frequently visit your library, and its popularity and value will be apparent." Such a statement I know would be beyond even the most revolutionary librarian, but until committees pay more attention to libraries, the value of libraries and of librarianship will never be appreciated by those who should—and committees will never trouble about their libraries as long as librarians "spoon-feed" them with statistics. Does not each one of us know the councillor who always looks at the statistics to pass some cynical remark about the fiction figures? Coming down to "brass tacks," what does the average councillor understand about libraries from columns of figures? Does he really trouble as long as this year's figures are in advance of those of last, and that this year's estimate is not above that of the previous one? As I mentioned before, reading may be roughly divided into two classes, informative and imaginative. I suggest that issues should be presented in the report to the Committee under these two headings—a much more logical and far fairer division than fiction and non-fiction. The informa-

tive class would contain the Sciences, Arts (useful and fine), the general and historical works, whereas Music, Pure Literature, including poetry, drama, and fiction, would comprise the "Imaginative" class. You will at once say that as the history of a subject is placed with the subject, etc., how am I going to distinguish between pure literature and books about pure literature? Simply this, that the assistant who enters up the issue counts actual texts and then the critical and historical works, entering each in separate columns. Some distinguishing mark on a book card can be made to prevent trouble. Another drawback is found in the classes of Philosophy and Religion. These classes of thought naturally contain informative reading and some which may be classes as "imaginative." As books of the latter type would form a small minority, I suggest that this class would be part of the informative literature division. If, however, anyone has fears about it, the alternative is to have three main classes, making "Pure Thought" the third. Surely such an arrangement in the monthly returns, that is, if we must have them, would add more interest for the Committee.

The last use made of our figures comes under a class which I call "Publicity." Figures are placed in printed reports and periodically in the local paper to show fellow librarians and one's own public respectively what the library system has done. This is most degrading. Taking the case of one's own public first, the value of the libraries should be known by general repute. Readers will know its worth to them, and no better testimonial can be given than that of a satisfied reader. This type of person should do all necessary to get new adherents. To ensure that his readers are satisfied, the librarian must leave no stone unturned in making his libraries, books, buildings, and staffs, of the utmost efficiency. I once saw a notice over a greengrocer's stall, "If you are satisfied tell others, if not, tell us!" This is the spirit, see that our goods satisfy and leave the borrowers and readers to do the rest. I am in favour of rendering every possible aid to readers, but I am emphatically opposed to any "stunts" calculated to get new readers. Readers obtained by such "touting" methods rarely last and often place themselves on the "black" list at their first attempt. How many housewives become regular users of some article through a sample? After all the library in an institution, open to all members of a community, for supplying (1) information and knowledge, and (2) books of an imaginative character or what is vaguely known as general reading. It is left to the citizen or burgess to use it. Fellow

librarians pay too much attention to statistical tables. Regarding the chaos and inconsistencies on which these tables are based, it would be as well to delete them from the report. A summary of the reading based on the librarian's and on his assistants' actual contact with readers, and reading, would be far more interesting, and would leave no opportunities for "picking to pieces" one another's libraries.

My criticism has been on the whole destructive. I have endeavoured to offer several alternatives and one or two adjustments to present methods. My chief aim has been to bring to your notice the appalling danger of allowing statistics to take precedence in all library affairs, and of allowing our new assistants to be so grounded in the maze of figures which are so false, that they, like many of us, think only in such values. As Mr. Osbert Burdett stated at the last meeting of the London and Home Counties Branch of the Library Association, there is a great danger of allowing our libraries to become commercialised. I conclude by asking if statistics is not one of the chief factors of this commercialisation. Let us dispense with as much of them as possible and devote our time to our true work—Librarianship.

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## VALUATIONS

By STANLEY SNAITH

### Heartsease

Friends, when I grouch and you're inclined to curse,  
Take this as heartsease and be comforted:  
Though you have sent a "sheet" that's void and dead,  
Be sure that someone else has sent a worse.

## U.S.A. Leads The Way

*Library Journal (U.S.A.). October 15th.*

This issue includes an article which, to put it quite soberly, is as refreshing, as thrilling, as anything I have met in professional journalism for a long time. It is by Miss Clara Whitehill Hunt (Superintendent of the Children's Department, Brooklyn Public Library, New York) and deals with the recent "Children's Book Week," which has now been held in eleven successive years. This inspiration, like most inspirations that find their way into the library profession, is American both in origin and character. The aim of the Book Week is to stimulate in children an interest in good literature. To this end each of the organisations concerned in the dissemination of books—publishers, booksellers, public libraries and schools—contributes its appropriate share. This year the libraries, in collaboration with the schools, started a "drive for a 100% membership"; organised special exhibitions of children's books, to which

adults as well as children were invited; ran competitions; arranged with local booksellers to make window displays of "Books recommended by the public library," and so on. Think of it: the vision, the amplitude, the thoroughness of the idea! Think what a definite, what a powerful, effect four such bodies, working in unison, energetically, in a full and friendly spirit, must ultimately exercise upon the literary taste of a community. The very idea of it is like cognac upon one's mental palate. No sooner does one think of such a scheme, a mere germ it may be, than its implications begin to stir, expand, burgeon like April buds. More than once I have publicly taken off my hat to America. I do so again. She thinks bigly. She has the pioneering instinct. It may be that, to adapt Alfred Austin's words,

She works upon a larger scale  
Because she is herself more large.

But I think not. There is something in her soil—its comparative newness, it may be, or its lack of an addling tradition—that seems inevitably to foster initiative, push, pep, call it what you will. One may not always approve of her way of making money. One cannot but approve of her way of spending it. In this country we move tortoise-like. Our feet, in Barnefield's splendid phrase, are "lapp'd in lead." Our resources, both of cash and ideas, are painfully inadequate, and even these we are reluctant to use: like the cow in the fable that, in attempting to eke out her scanty herbage as long as possible, starved herself to death. "A common greyness silvers everything." And one cries out in the words of a modern poet (they are not copyright):

O for a gleam of vision, a touch  
Of sense, however transitory!  
But one must not expect too much  
In this our Land of Dope and Glory.

America, in her seven-league boots, has left us behind. She has beaten us in the business world, in advertising, in the theatre, in the cinema, in architecture: is it surprising, then, that her library systems should be so superior to our own? She has great libraries, of course, because she has made her people want great libraries. She has cultivated, in her major towns at least, a communal "library habit." She goes to infinite trouble to make the value of books known. (An American librarian, for lack of a better vehicle, recently sallied out into the slum quarter of his town, with a pea-nut barrow loaded with books. Think of it: a pea-nut barrow! Why, it's epic!). Her librarians are educated and respected men and women. The libraries have genuinely made their power felt, and their incalculable value familiar, to a degree unknown over here. A short time ago I happened to be chatting with a well-known journalist who is also a publisher, a well-informed and deeply intellectual man; I was astounded by his ignorance of the growth and scope of the library movement. Does not this indicate that something is seriously wrong, not with the journalist but with ourselves? "We children's librarians," says Miss Hunt, "have won a position of leadership in the field of children's books. That we exercise an immense influence on the production and sale of children's books we are constantly told by publishers and editors. Our approval is constantly quoted in advertisements of the book trade." Chew the cud of those three sentences, and tell me, with your hands upon your hearts, if such things could be said of English libraries. True, one or two of our nabobs have spoken over the wire-less. Croydon (I applaud her for it) has told the world how wonderful she is. The Library Association, in its waking moments, has occasion-

ally and, as it were, apologetically insinuated itself into the news. But so far as our influence upon the book world is concerned, you might as reasonably speak of the influence of a midge-fly upon an armadillo. Miss Hunt's article, by the way, is admirably written, is packed as tightly as a hazel-nut with ideas, and is informed with real vision and knowledge of the subject. It deserves to be read widely. It is salutary. I conclude with one more quotation: it aptly illustrates her modesty of tone. "I sometimes wonder," she says, "if that facetious half-truth, 'He who reads is lost,' has not been, actually, a pernicious influence in our ranks." I am not so diffident as Miss Hunt. It has been. It will continue to be.

### Stepney Steps Out

*Stepney. Re-opening of the Whitechapel Library, 22nd October.*

As a result of the necessity of satisfying the increased demand for library facilities, and the breaking down of negotiations for the acquirement of adjoining premises, it was decided in February of this year to close the Whitechapel Library for re-organisation of the available space. So far as I can judge from this pamphlet, the work has been carried out with exemplary thoroughness. The spacial area of each department has been considerably increased. The Reference Library, for example, has been increased from 1305 to 2031 superficial feet, and accommodates 92 readers as against the previous 66. Statistics are also given of the average issues in the respective departments, which, I need hardly say, are swelling like new bruises. In addition to the extra accommodation, there has been installed a more modern (though not, I think, up-to-the-minute) system of electric lighting and heating. My regret is that the Stepney authorities, while in the mood for changes, did not also attack the exterior of the building, which is as chaotic as Bailey's *Festus* and as grim as the smile of the Five Towns. It may touch Stepney's civic pride to learn that I passed on the photograph given in this booklet to an intelligent observer who has no official connection with public libraries: his reply was, "Great Scott, it's like a prison." Under such scowling and unlovely walls I can imagine a cordon of convicts doing their morning march: as in Van Gogh's harrowing picture. When the next war breaks out (and Mr. Wells tells us it is imminent) I hope the enemy bombing-planes will concentrate on all but a few of our English public libraries. In such an event, being happily free of the virus of patriotism, I would cheerfully provide the enemy with a list of locations, giving, of course, due warning to the staffs to evacuate the premises. Local authorities would then be faced with the job of building new premises, and perhaps we should get buildings that were neither bon-bon boxes nor dog-kennels. Perhaps. I suppose it is not fantastic to say that during the last two or three decades England (not forgetting Scotland) has eclipsed all other countries in the wholesale spawning of tawdry architecture; just as Germany has had a monopoly of tawdry sculpture, France of tawdry poetry, and Spain of tawdry music. Moreover, the average municipal authority usually, it would appear, harnesses what bit of craftsmanship it can command to the designing of its town hall and its public conveniences, rather than to the library, where, if anywhere, some grace of structure is surely called for. The old libraries were too small and mean, and were generally elbowed out of public view by shops a little *less* small and mean. The newer ones, executed in styles drawn (and quartered) from the Greek and Roman, tend to be dropsical rather than massive. Why should a cinema, a fried fish shop, or the country house of a snivelling money-

lender be moderately attractive and a library downright uncouth? (The question is a rhetorical one). Are we fully alive to the anomaly, the ludicrous anomaly, of housing the accumulated knowledge of mankind in so grotesque a shell? I suggest, then, that the Aphrodite of Melos be clothed in corduroy, and that Keats's odes might fitly be printed on packing paper. I have touched upon this matter before, so I must not enlarge upon it now. Let my last word, therefore, be in the "heavenly brevity" of verse:

There was a time, long gone, when man was able  
To build in lyric rhythms. Now I groan  
That that most mighty language, soaring stone,  
Has turned to Babel.

### Folkestone

#### *Folkestone. Report, 1929-30.*

Had I "the tongues of angels," were I skilful beyond example in  
Melting melodious words to lutes of amber,

I could not find graceful phrases to apply to Folkestone's *Report*. When I opened it no birds began to sing; it is not a dainty dish to set before a reviewer. I suppose, then, I ought to deal with it in the manner of a respected (and respectable) contemporary: issues, so-and-so; stock, such-and-such; special features include what's-its-name; and so on and so forth. But how depressing that would be. How *lean*! It would damp all my charming squibs. I cannot do it. I cannot be a vehicle for what Carlyle called "a Niagara of eloquent commonplace." I am too idiosyncratic. I would rather be a criminal than a dullard: a Jack the Ripper than a Robert Southey. A report or bulletin that has the slightest savour of originality or interest attracts me at once. Work that is jog-trot, quotidian, chills me. But for once, let us forswear our lofty, our perhaps somewhat supercilious, principles, and give praise where (Snaith notwithstanding) praise is due. This report, then, will please those of the Library Committee who have read it, and the librarian and his staff, and (though this will be credible only to those who have trafficked with printers) the printers. It has no pretensions. Why should it have? It is, so to speak, well-woven homespun. It is a report. It reports. It does nothing else but report. It is printed with real type on real paper. It achieves its end—which, in these days of frustrated effort, is remarkable enough. It sets out to report and it reports. Capital. Congratulations all round. What more could one wish?

And yet . . . the little more, how much it is.

### Fulham Does The Trick

#### *Fulham. Reader's Guide, October-December.*

Like Beddoes, I cannot help occasionally "dropping a little venom into the discussion to make it effervesce." In this *Reader's Guide* there is much to soothe an exasperated reviewer's heart. So I vow myself to politeness, hoping it will not be received as coldly as that of Johnson's friend, who was "so invariably polite that nobody thanked him for it." Though the *Guide* is, to use a good old malty phrase, "the usual," it is a good bit of work. The little essay entitled *Winter Nights* is exactly in the right key: witty, graceful, and sly. Work like this is rare in library publications. Those opening sentences, "The last over has been bowled.

The bats are oiled and put away," irresistibly and poignantly bring back some ambrosial moments at the Oval. I felicitate the anonymous author. I suggest, though, that his concluding advice to the reader to "ask the opinion of that young lady in the enclosure, rather than rely upon the verdicts of Arnold Bennett," is a little rash. I have no "doting fondness" for Arnold Bennett; but really — ! Under the *Recent Additions* heading some capital books are listed, but the descriptive notes are too anæmic and much too sparingly used. Turner's *Miss America*, Dixon's *Parachutes for Airmen*, Ford's *The English Novel*, and several others, cry aloud for annotations, not only to define their scope but also to draw attention to certain qualities which make them individual and attractive. From the biography list I miss Yeats's *Sligo*, which has aptly been called "a glorious collection of lies," and Lahey's important study of the life and work of Gerard Manley Hopkins. Hopkins, if not a great poet, was a profoundly significant one; and the prose extracts given in this book suggest that, had he chosen, he might have ranked with the masters of that medium. The fine art section does not include Rotha's informed, masterly and comprehensive work, *The Film till now*, which is worth 15/- for its illustrations alone. I miss also Kerr's anthology of *Restoration verse*. This book represents ably, though by no means so inspiringly as Massingham's classic anthology, that "metaphysical" poetry which, to those who have penetrated to its inwardness, must always be the most precious constellation, the Milky Way, of English poetry. Another feature of the *Guide* is Mr. F. E. Hanstead's *Let us give thanks*, a short article on the eightieth anniversary of the Ewart Act.

## Shot and Shell

*Library World*, November.

To those who like this page of mine; to those who think me an insufferable mountebank; to those who go about telling their fellow librarians that my writings are fit only for the gutter press; to my sympathisers and to my critics, I unreservedly recommend this issue of *The Library World*. I have from time to time fed this journal with succulent titbits from my pen, and shall do so again. Yet it turns and bites my hand! S. S. Senex contributes an *Ode to Stanley Snaith*, Hegateus deals with me in searing prose. But I do not mind. It's all in the game. I have smitten some pates very hard at times, and I cannot hope to preserve my own in perpetual immunity. Besides, as a poet of sorts I admire the ode greatly. The prose has Snaithian touches that please me. But Hegateus has no case. I have never belittled James Duff Brown. I admire him, though he *did* write that confounded *Manual*. He was a man after my own heart: with reservations. But I do not propose to answer the pseudonymous gentleman just now, except to say that I have no relish for stabbing away at an invisible adversary. For the present, no more.

## A Bulletin of Bibliography

*Bulletin of Bibliography* (Boston) May-August.

To the earnest "watcher of the skies" of contemporary literature and librarianship this periodical is inestimably useful. The list of salient contents of the English and American library press from April to July is painstaking, though an author-index would appreciably enhance its value. There is also the second portion of a bibliography of Bertrand

Russell: it is classified, and, as one would expect in a bibliography of one of the few genuinely first-rate creative minds of the age, the compiler has flung a wide net. I for one had not realised how copious and protean were Bertrand Russell's contributions to the press. A multitudinous family, they include such strangely assorted bedfellows as relativity, political ideals, Margaret Sanger and the tortoise. I regret to see that no less than three pages of the *Bulletin* are lavished upon the published works and serial ephemera of the late David Morton. This is bibliography gone mad. My impression is that Morton wrote enough of those hath-doth sonnets of his to fill one of those titanic volumes found by Pantagruel in the library of Saint-Victor. To one reader at least the dowager-like dignity of his Muse has the depressing effect of stale beer.

### OUR LIBRARY

*The Overseas Empire in Fiction: An Annotated Bibliography. Compiled by Winifred Hill. (Paper Covers: pp. 66; O.U.P. 3s. 6d.)*

Even in these days of Empire slogans, Empire-stricken (and decidedly empirical) newspaper lordlings, Empire marketing boards, etc., the strongest link which binds the Empire together—its traditions and their literary expression—may still suffer undue neglect. The literature of our Overseas Empire is inconsiderable in merit, but many writers have used the colonies as a background for stories of adventure. Miss Hill, who is the chief cataloguer of the Royal Empire Society, has done her work well, and as a pioneer bibliography, the pamphlet under review is to be recommended to the attention of all librarians. The very limited scope of the work is best indicated by a quotation from the compiler's preface:—

"This list of fiction has been prepared, on behalf of the Imperial Studies Committee of the Royal Empire Society, to guide readers in the choice of suitable books dealing with the Overseas British Empire in its various aspects. Some books have been selected for their descriptions of scenery; others for their delineation of national types and characteristics, or for the light they throw on political, economic, or social problems. A short annotation and, wherever possible, a brief biographical notice of the author have been added to each book."

A grant from the Rhodes Trustees made publication possible, and it is surprising that with this financial aid such a small unbound pamphlet could not be produced for two shillings instead of three and sixpence. A copy of the bibliography should be placed for public use in all libraries as it will greatly assist readers and those interested in literature illustrating life in the countries of the Overseas Empire: it will also be very useful to cataloguers, book selectors and children's librarians.

F. S. S.



*Manual of Library Economy, by the late James Duff Brown. Fourth edition, edited and newly revised by W. C. Berwick Sayers. Grafton & Co. 30s. (Cloth, illus., pp. xii. 533.)*

For the benefit presumably of those who have nibbled the nutriment from the Manual, the table has been newly spread. The familiar tome has been pruned and new and beautiful flowers have been grafted on its sturdy branches. May I hasten to pay my respects, I had almost said my devotions, to this embodiment of librarianship so that I may with a clear conscience proceed to a little dissection.

First a meed of praise. Mr. Sayers has revised the Manual with exemplary thoroughness and it is once again a complete repository of the bones of librarianship. It is a perfect skeleton which those who will may clothe with the personality which makes an outstanding library. New developments in technique are noted and described and the section on planning has been overhauled and now gives plans, illustrations and descriptions of several notable libraries which have recently been erected.

Next an observation or so, not necessarily critical. First let me say that I have not read this edition from cover to cover. It is the practice of reviewers to pretend that they do this with every book they notice. I make no such lying claim; I have dipped and sipped but I have not wallowed. *Sayers longus, vita brevis* is my plea. Further "Library Routine" is among the laurels which wreath my brow. The first and strongest impression that I glean is that Mr. Sayers has been hampered by the fact that, since the publication of the third edition, progress in librarianship has not been very great. A study of the periodical literature of the profession shows clearly that few comets have amazed the watchers of our skies and that, far from being awed into silence we are made garrulous in self-defence. That this should be so is no discredit to librarianship. James Brown effected a revolution in librarianship and the technique which his revolution made necessary has largely been perfected and standardised. Until a new idea of the magnitude of open access comes to us the craft of librarianship seems certain to remain static save for minor and local changes. Then I am surprised and disappointed by Mr. Sayers's continued and passionate devotion to records. He has devised and perpetuates a record or register for everything that a librarian or his staff ever do from the time that they sign their names in the attendance register in the morning when they first enter a library as members of the staff to the day when the name of the deceased is solemnly entered in the Staff Withdrawals Register. Such minutiae may be necessary and desirable in the major systems of the country, but I do not think that it is made sufficiently clear that this profusion of records may be a positive embarrassment to the staff of a small or medium sized library. I turned eagerly to the page on which censorship is discussed and chuckled at the masterly way in which the editor has gravely examined the position of the "immoral" book at some length and has completely evaded the issue. I saw with amazement that nearly three pages are devoted to description of the indicator. Surely this blot on our scutcheon could have been dismissed with a short and shamefaced admission that it once existed.

The format of the book is workmanlike and the type is familiar, if not distinguished. The reproduction of some of the illustrations which survive from the third edition is horrible. Surely the expense of new blocks would have been justified by the clearness which would have been obtained.

One definite grumble. Why is this book still published at the monstrous price of thirty shillings? Other books as large and with an appeal equally limited are issued at far more reasonable prices, and I see no valid reason for the continuance of this imposition. Further, why should the sale of the book be net to libraries and not subject to the discount which can now be obtained on other books?

All things considered, Mr. Sayers has well supported our claim that we may rank with Shaw's Executioner—"I am not addressed as fellow, Mr. Councillor. I am the Chief Librarian of Liberton: it is a highly skilled mystery."

T. E. C.

*The Classics in Translation*, by F. Seymour Smith. Scribner. 12s. 6d.

This is an excellent book on a subject long due for systematic treatment. It will be indispensable to librarians, teachers, and others concerned directly or indirectly in the diffusion of classical literature and should be welcome, too, to the growing number of readers who find the classics only a shade less titillating or portentous, as the case may be, than Proust or Dreiser. After an introduction explaining the scope of the work the author passes on to a pleasant discourse, illustrated by admirable examples, on the principles of translation. As one who has been fascinated by the subject since a stray impulse led me first to buy and then to read Tytler's *Principles of Translation*, I wish there had been more of this balanced and wholly excellent discussion. On Page 41 there is a small error in detail: Arnold's *On Translating Homer* was first published in 1861, not 1865 as stated.

There follow 235 pages, divided into Greek and Latin sections, covering the classical writers from remote antiquity up to the mediæval Latinists and beyond, for the term "classical" has been interpreted liberally enough to include Leibnitz as well as Homer. The arrangement is alphabetical and under each author appear details of the translations, supported by quotations from literary histories, authoritative reviews and other sources. The amount of material ransacked in order to provide a comprehensive list of authors, and to secure the most reliable authority possible for including the various translations as best of their kind must have been enormous, and Mr. Seymour Smith is to be congratulated on the result of his arduous yet enviable task. In most cases where it has not been possible to find an adequate citation from the sources mentioned above, the author has refrained from making evaluative notes; but I was very glad to see that enthusiasm conquered discretion in the case of Helen Waddell's *The Wandering Scholars* and *Mediæval Latin Lyrics*, those enchanting books. As for omissions, the only step possible for the reviewer of such a comprehensive book is to look for some of the translations which he personally admires. I was disappointed not to find G. R. Woodward's verse rendering of *Cupid and Psyche*, a translation which, although it tinkles tinnily in parts and is pre-occupied with constructions more appropriate to *Beowulf*, is yet good. And the version of Pindar's Pythian Odes by Wade-Gery and Bowra, published in 1928 by the Nonesuch Press, was surely worthy of inclusion. The charming translation of the *Pervigilium Veneris* by L. Chalmers-Hunt was perhaps published too recently for inclusion, but is noteworthy for any future edition.

The book is well worth its price, twelve and sixpence, but need the publishers have tried to make it appear worth twenty-five shillings?

The lay-out is extravagant to a degree, with 14-point capitals for the authors listed, intense and enormous letter-press for the preliminary material, and quantities of blank pages and half-pages: a quite unnecessary bit of book-puffing, for twelve-and-six would still have been a reasonable price for a slimmer volume and less elephantine typography. It is hardly likely that the publishers had in mind the comparatively few readers who will wish to consult the book from a distance of ten feet. And at close quarters it is irritating to scan the dark heavy type in which the eminently readable chapters on translation are printed.

Mr. Seymour Smith has earned our gratitude in many ways. First, for an invaluable book of reference. Secondly, for a book which will give to the interested browser, through the associative magic of names, happy echoes of his early adventures in the realms of gold. Thirdly, for a finger-post to a new and valuable line of research. In all these directions his book is a capital piece of work and will evoke sincere admiration.

R. D. H. S.

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## NEWS OF THE WORLD

**BLYTH.**—Here is the final instalment of my gripping serial story of the fortunes of Blyth.

The Carnegie Trustees have started to pay their subsidy to these astute councillors. Something *may* be done about the salaries of the staff, and the librarian might be put on a level with the caretaker. In knowledgeable circles this last is regarded as very speculative.

**CROYDON.**—The fiction percentage at Croydon last year was under 40 per cent. Hallelujah!

If Mr. Pugsley's article in this issue is carefully read and digested, this truly remarkable figure should be still lower next year.

**EDINBURGH.**—If any of my readers are interested in dog fights, I shall be pleased to lend them a choice collection of press cuttings dealing with the site for the National Library of Scotland. They are exhilarating reading. The fight is free for all apparently, and is conducted with a singular disregard of the usual courtesies of newspaper warfare.

**NORTHAMPTONSHIRE COUNTY LIBRARY.**—At the fourth annual conference of this library system, Miss Marjorie Bowen gave us yet another definition. We are "as it were match-makers in the difficult marriage market of the intelligence, the pairing off of writer and reader." I thank her for a new

nightmare—the offspring of an intelligence which I have married successively to Edgar Wallace, John Oxenham, Mrs. Henry Wood and Herr Remarque. What shall the harvest be?

**SHEFFIELD.**—The bloodhounds are becoming a nuisance at Sheffield. They dog the footsteps of those members of the staff who are shelving returned books and congregate in stubborn gangs round the “W” tiers. It seems almost impossible to stop by legitimate means these pests who do more than anything else to hamper efficient service in lending libraries. In my shelving days I resorted to ungentlemanly but effective hints that I did not appreciate the attentions of these persistent gentry. For example, a sudden dead stop in my rapid perambulations would often effect some damage to the characteristically long noses of my pursuers and a couple of repetitions of this sad accident usually enabled me to walk like Kipling’s cat. I pass on the tip for what it is worth.

**STALYBRIDGE.**—As a mere male, I rather sympathise with the Stalybridge Libraries Committee who are in very warm water just now. They advertised for a librarian and had the temerity to reject without consideration all applications from the stronger sex. The Ashton and District Women Citizen’s Association has taken the matter up, and the members of the Committee are taking lessons in dodging crockery. Of course, to a certain extent they deserve it for turning a deaf ear to the accumulated wisdom of the ages concerning women scorned. But on the other hand *I* should hate to be dealt with severely by a Woman Citizen.

**TOTTENHAM.**—I wish that those councillors who starve their local library systems and look upon one sorely pressed central library as the acme of improvident spending would go and look at the new St. Ann’s Branch Library at Tottenham. Erected at a cost of £2,025, it is a shining example of what can be done with very little money, aided by enthusiasm and a determination to give the best service that circumstances will allow.

In passing, I trust that no clue as to the nature of the stock of this library is given by the fact that the walls are of asbestos.

**WHITCHURCH.**—“Nicer newsrooms!” is the watchword in the North. Already several libraries delete the betting news, and now the Whitchurch Committee have decided to remove all chairs from their reading room. This is a further step

towards the newsroom of the future, which will be a room devoid of all furniture, fittings and reading matter. The walls will be whitewashed and the only article in the room will be a large notice inscribed "DON'T DO IT. THIS MEANS YOU."

OBSERVER.

## CORRESPONDENCE

The Gulson Library,  
Coventry.

*The Editor, THE LIBRARY ASSISTANT.*

Dear Mr. Callander,—The Committee responsible for the publication of "Books to Read" will be very glad, I feel sure, to notice the encouraging review in your November issue, which I have just received.

I would like it to be clearly understood that "Books to Read" is not a guide to books for children. The term "young readers" is definitely intended to suggest the teen age. Any such select list is bound to be criticised both on account of books included and books and authors not represented; but some of the books mentioned by your reviewer, such as "Call of the Wild" and Kernahan's "Reading Girl," are out of print, and so far as was possible all out-of-print books were excluded from the list.

May I add that there is every likelihood of a supplementary list being issued in September, 1931, and I feel sure the Committee would be very glad to receive suggestions from any library assistant of books which are considered worthy of inclusion.

Yours faithfully, CHARLES NOWELL.

5th November, 1930.

Public (Free) Library,  
Dewsbury.

*The Editor, LIBRARY ASSISTANT.*

Dear Sir,—May I occupy a little of your space for the purpose of adding another pang to the martyrdom of "S.S." whose poem "Counsel to a Young Assistant" appears in the November number of the "Library Assistant."

However necessary it may be that "S.S." should air his grievances, this method of doing so can do nothing to improve his circumstances, and it is moreover, grossly bad taste to try and infect the young assistant, surely very young or he could not fail to be disgusted at the effort, with a spirit of bitterness.

It is sincerely to be hoped that the journal will not come into the hands of anyone outside the profession, as it will only give that person a poor idea of the conditions of the library service, of the members' methods of voicing a dissatisfaction, and of a society whose official organ publishes such venom.

Finally, if the young assistant's only chance of going unscathed is to be at the same time "pompous" and "placid," I am afraid that all "S.S.'s" counsel will not rescue him from very desperate straits.

—Yours faithfully, E. J. HOBBS, Deputy Librarian.

7th November, 1930.

Public Library,  
Bethnal Green, E.2

*The Editor, THE LIBRARY ASSISTANT,*

Dear Sir,—Mr. Hobbs does me too much honour. If my words were always treated as seriously as this, I might hope to do some good. But is my coy little epigram a fit subject for such ponderous outpourings? A witty scrap, a *jeu d'esprit*, a flower blushing almost unseen in the desert of the last page, something flung off casually and forgotten—it was no more. Must I stand in the dock and defend, in the homespun of prose, my poor little waif against a detractor so glum and jaundiced as this Mr. Hobbs? Fie upon him! The epigram was not intended for readers deficient in a sense of humour. Nor, let me patiently point out, was it intended quite literally. I thought that would be apparent to everyone. But evidently Mr. Hobbs' mind works in a mysterious way its wonders to perform. As for its effect upon outsiders—I conceive their surprise at finding that not *every* librarian is choked by the high collar of respectability and primness. But why undeceive Mr. Hobbs? His naivete is too charming.

May I take this opportunity to make one or two remarks about my *Valuations*? Several of the High Collars have discovered at last that you have, unwittingly, taken a viper to your bosom. It seems I have splashed the "wine of mirth" about too lavishly for their liking. I am too witty. I am too serious. I am too highbrow. I am too lowbrow. I am impertinent. I am splenetic. I use this journal to advertise myself. And so on. Let us, once and for all, get this clear. I must remind the High Collars of the elementary fact that I am a reviewer. That is, I review things. That is, I express my opinions about things. I try to forget that I am a librarian, and to consider all publicity material freshly, impartially, and from the point of view of the average intelligent reader. My opinions may be crack-brained. But they are serious. They are as natural to me as my taste in food and drink. And they are never meant maliciously. As for the *soupçon* of wit, the epigrams, the little asides, these are merely so much flavouring. I try, metaphorically, to give my readers a good, solid, sparkling, froth-topped brew. And I write, it is needless to say, for those possessed of mobile minds, reasonable breadth of vision, and a palate for a well-pickled phrase.

I advertise myself? I advertise myself. All writing is advertisement. Even poetry. One writes in order to broadcast one's ideas. If I write a villanelle to the moon (which Heaven forbid) that villanelle is as much a piece of advertising as *Valuations* is. There is also, of course, in both cases, the aesthetic pleasure of doing a thing well. I cannot put pen to paper without expressing something of myself. I am Stanley Snaith or nothing. I delight to burn my boats behind me. Now, High Collars, roar!

*The Library Assistant* waxes in individuality and strength; and I am pleased, Sir, to think that I have added a corpuscle or two to its abundant flow of life.

Yours faithfully, STANLEY SNAITH.

## THE DIVISIONS

### MIDLAND DIVISION

The next meeting of this Division will be held at Coventry on Wednesday, December 17th, 1930. The programme will include a visit to St. Mary's Hall, where it is hoped to have the Muniment Room specially

open for our benefit. Miss D. Proctor (Birmingham Public Reference Library) will read a paper on "Library Organisation in Canada." Her personal experience of library service in Toronto should make this a more than usually interesting paper, and we confidently anticipate a large attendance.

The Division comes of age in February, 1931, and the committee are arranging a special "21st Birthday Meeting." Members are advised to make a note of the date now.—**Wednesday, February 11th, 1931.** Details will be announced shortly.

J. R.

### EASTERN DIVISION

A Meeting of the Eastern Division was held at Great Yarmouth on Thursday, October 23rd, when members from Lowestoft, Norwich and Yarmouth were present. The party assembled at the Town Hall, and under the guidance of Mr. A. R. Pike, of the Yarmouth Staff, proceeded first to the Corporation Electricity Works, where a visit to the power station had been arranged, and subsequently to the fish wharves. The herring industry was just at its height and members were fortunate in being shown almost every process from the landing of the fish from the drifters, through the processes of curing and packing, till they were in readiness for export. By invitation of the Yarmouth Staff, members were entertained to tea at Hill's Restaurant, after which the meeting of the Division was held, Mr. R. G. Watlow, Borough Librarian, Great Yarmouth, being in the chair. During the meeting an informal discussion on the proposed alterations in the Examination Syllabus of the Library Association took place. At the close of the meeting, a hearty vote of thanks to the Yarmouth Staff for their generous hospitality was proposed by Mr. G. Hayward (Norwich), and seconded by Miss Bailey (Lowestoft).

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### NEW APPOINTMENTS

**BROMLEY.**—Mr. A. H. Watkins, Assistant, Teddington Public Library, to be Chief Assistant, Bromley.

**EXETER.**—Mr. S. H. Horrocks, Assistant, Bolton Public Libraries, to be Senior Assistant, Exeter. Four L.A. Certificates.

**PLYMOUTH.**—Mr. W. Shortle, Assistant, Bolton Public Libraries, to be Senior Assistant, Plymouth. Four L.A. Certificates.

**SCARBOROUGH.**—Mr. H. H. Howarth, Assistant, Bolton Public Libraries, to be Senior Assistant, Scarborough. Five L.A. Certificates.

**SHOREDITCH.**—Mr. Robert Partridge, Senior Assistant, Bermondsey Public Libraries, to be Librarian-in-Charge of the Haggerston Branch Library. L.A. Diploma. Commencing salary £311 9s. 0d.

Also selected: Messrs. Jas. McKinnon (Bethnal Green), L. A. Marcus (St. Pancras), S. J. Rutter (Battersea), Harry Sargent (Coventry). Mr. Sargent withdrew his application for this post.

**STOCKPORT.**—Mr. H. Naylor, Assistant, Bolton Public Libraries, to be Senior Assistant, Stockport. L.A. Diploma.

## NEW MEMBERS

Thomas W. Baxter (Dagenham); Charles A. Elliott (Bermondsey); Joan Fryer (Minet Library); Kenneth W. Halley, Sydney E. Jenkins, Henry J. Jones, Albert R. G. Rogers (Paddington); W. Morrish (Cardiff); Wm. J. Skillern (Newport); G. F. Webb (Wilts County); E. H. Jones (Cardiff).

*Midland Division.*—Miss R. Bennet (Leicester); Miss P. M. Crossley (Derbyshire County); R. Vann (Smethwick); Miss G. Ellis, Miss M. Porter, Miss M. Haine (Kettering); Miss K. R. Birch, Miss H. B. Telfer (Worcester County); Miss Morgan, Miss E. M. Hughes (Birmingham).

*North-Eastern Division.*—Clarrie Palphramand (Darlington).

*Yorkshire Division.*—Miss J. M. Bramley (Halifax); Miss A. Sykes (Ilkley).

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